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SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY ISAAC R. BAXLEY.

THE TEMPLE OF ALANTHUR, WITH OTHER POEMS.

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CHARLES WELLS MOULTON,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

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BY

ISAAC R. BAXLEY

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPLE OF ALANTHUR,"
"THE PROPHET," ETC.



BUFFALO
CHARLES WELLS MOULTON

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SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.

I.

OUT of the numberless, mystical things
Is one who stands in the steps of Time,
Await till the Spirit shall gather the strings
Together that give him peace and rhyme:
To sound and to echo his Soul is set,
And his eyes are dim; unheeded there
Would float in the glory that suns beget
The sweetest Spirit that winged the air.

But the torture grows and the Spirit never
Sends from the strings nor its lips a sound,
And the listening Soul, with a fierce endeavor,
Buries its heart to a depth profound:
“If I blot from myself all life and be
But a terrible question of this—this thing,
The Spirit must waken to answer me—
And strike for my ears on the tightened string.”

But the Spirit is far in its Isles of Peace,
Sitting in sapphire, with pearl aglow,
And never and never its lips increase
To sound, nor the strings revive and flow:
In peace — in peace: sweet, perfect, still,
Unshaken, changeless, calm, enclosed,
Sure never possessor of such things will
Be from its shadowless sleep deposed.

But up from the glory of sight and sea,
The beauty, the light, and the silent store
Of a terribly perfect ecstasy
Its being expandeth out and o'er:
Light! light! and ever the glow of light!
With purple, wonderful tints, and hue
Of something else than the actual sight,
And something never a mortal knew.

For though he listened, and his eyes refused
To open for ever a thing divine,
The glory was freed as a thing unloosed
To penetrate essence, and Soul, and shine
Full through and through; and never a cast
Of his constant lids on useless eyes
Could hinder th' angelic beams that passed
His body's sullen and weak disguise.

Within him — out — till he seemed to be
Transparent in a flame, and thing
That filled the earth, and filled the sea,
And grew and ever was brightening:
He seemed to see himself a shell,
A husk, a something that contained
The life of Spirits, of those who well
Speak out and be with their lips restrained.

For he knew the Light, and its name, and its face,
And he sat as one convicted — known;
But speech was vision, and silence grace
Of expression past all but the Spirit's own:
And his lips and his eyes were needless: he
Forgot in his Soul all sound and rhyme,
For the life of the Spirit he saw to be
Exhaled — as Eternity breathes on Time.

He rose: for the Spirit faded — passed;
 Quivered and severed its light aside:
Things shrank into sight; all the distance vast
 Of a Heaven was now but the wonder-eyed
Remembrance of glory, that must be still
 Engulfed far out in the Isles of Peace,
Whence it would return if he had will,
 And his Soul had faith, and his eyes increase.

.

II.

NOT only in cavernous homes of the sea
Are the quenchless stores of things divine,
Nor does only the willing stars' heraldry
With the light of their wonderful birth-right
shine;
For there are in the heart such things as come
Not over the sea, nor out of the night,
And the unknown speech of the Soul is a tongue
They may listen and wait for in fear and delight.

It may be there lieth in the lips of a Soul
Some exquisite blessing of peace unto them,
Which springs where the ideal spaces roll
That their luminous pathways may not stem;
For the Spirit is perfect, and they enclosed
In the hidden life of a thing aside,
May gather some joy from a Soul transposed
In the mystical sight of the glorified.

May the Spirit from out of itself and its Life
Ever pour on the bosom of earth and of sea
Such beauty; a hope of the vanished strife
Of the Soul and themselves in Eternity?
Shall it give from its viewless self impress
Of the shining things no star may see,
And sail far out in a sweet excess
To return with the freight of its sanctity?

O! is there still ever in the smiles of earth
One sweeter than any, and flashing bright,
Await for the Souls whose holy birth
Is where the numberless lamps of night
Needless shine? And do they in patience await
With all their glory outspread to be
As servitors unto the radiant state
Of beatitude bearing mortality?

Ah! is there remaining in cloud and in sky
The look of the measureless eyes that passed
All the heavenly courses quietly
Till they found the rest for themselves at last?
Is there somewhere set in the things which bear
The tranquil steps of a Spirit's pace
Its messages, left in the shining air,
And over the sea the light of its face?

III.

FLY out, on noiseless wings, and be
My Spirit, something of delight,
There's not in all Earth's boundary
A footing to sustain thy flight:
Thou hast no name, nor ever yet
Most passionate of any cry
Could loose the seal of silence set
On things that in thine essence lie.

O part, part from thy paths and be
Thrilled with intensified relief,
Cleft from th' acknowledged misery
Of an unspoken speech and belief:
O part; stand out a word — a claim
Expressing only what it is,
Impossible for thee a name
With faintest syllable amiss.

Wearied with hope of far beauty
Which cannot still thyself proclaim,
O pass, and burst on ecstasy
Of being, seeming, known the same:
O gather, gather to excess
Thy shining heritage of life,
Its fullness shall thy cry redress
And draw thee, vanished, from the strife.

Not only thou, within thy sense,
Pure, infinitely fine as thou,
Waveth a flame and light, intense,
A fervid, penetrable glow:
Of this within, and round thee, Soul,
That wide, transparent, endless haze,
What wonder that betimes unroll
The hills — translucent in thy gaze.

When thou, O Spirit, hast attained
Remission from thy fainter birth,
And when thy weary lips have gained
Succor from all the words of Earth,
Then into thine shall glide and grow
This trembling, inner flame, which is
Apparent here because below
Are not the heavenly mysteries.

Songs of the Spirit.

It quivered as thyself didst play
And burn out towards The Infinite,
Thy pathway was a wondrous ray,
But this intensified delight:
Thou canst not name thyself, and flee
Outward for peace, with purpose fair,
But sweet is still mortality
If this blooms in its blessed air!

What is this secret in thine own —
How keepeth thine the inner flame?
O Spirit, ask how thou hast grown,
Wherein thy stature, aspect, came:
Thou art so singularly poor
To speak, with fountains ever full —
This flame in thine but little more
Is mystified or wonderful.

But pass, O Spirit, if forbid
 To call and cry thyself and thine;
No more, to thee, is distant hid
 The sequence beautiful, benign:
It must, it must break out and be
 Some transcript of the things that there
Seem so transparent unto thee,
 There is some tongue for mortal air!

IV.

FOR the glories of Heaven impatiently
 Pass over the sensitive sea, and things
Of the Earth are aglow to triumphantly
 Break out into bloom by the beautiful springs:
O I see the immortal colors, and wide
 Are opened the beautiful bounds that there
Spread out for the Spirit, descending aside
 Roll the confines that cloud their extent in the air.

The hills that are purple grow golden, and rise
Upspreading and stretched till their figures become
Prolonged in my sight to an infinite size,
And the blue sky flies out from its high-tinted
dome:

For I see in my Soul as there never a sun
Rose up in the Earth to enlighten me,
There is not a darkness nor shadow, each one
Of the hills is aflame — glowing splendidly.

Out over the valleys and plains of the place
Run majestic waters; the rivers are free
To lengthen their courses on, on into space
Of their wonderful measures set endlessly:
Ever the perfectest pleasure and peace are displayed
By the Spirits and Beings who flee out in the ways,
Where the light of this beautiful land is portrayed
In a manner unused to my astonished gaze.

For its colors and hues to the tenderest eyes
Are ever more gentle, and ever anew
From the unsullied sources of beauty arise
Most exquisite glories that radiate through
The waters responsive and hills, that are free
As a mystical portion of the Life that is
Encompassed by every serenity —
Sharing with the Spirits in their harmonies.

And never again is deserted and lost
From the answering Earth its remembrance and
sight
To the eyes of my Soul, that have opened and crossed
All the distance of darkness and faced upon light:
There is ever and ever such vision, and vast
Uprises the Spirit of Earth to the high
Enclosure of beauty, that descended and passed
By the sight of the Soul to inhabit the eye.

V.

OUTWARD is darkness, and dismay
Sinks terribly on distant Time;
As open-eyed we gaze away
We fade and perish: lo, sublime
And beautiful appears the Soul,
Standing forever with its eyes
Immersed in visions from the goal
That gives, and draws us, Spirit-wise.

Within is set thy Spirit, so
The mighty plains within thee turn,
Therein the Earth shall sightless go,
Thou shalt not hitherward discern
But in thyself's forgetfulness,—
Out of thy casemate forth and far
Into the lands of loveliness
Straying, where Souls already are.

A wish — a cry — a glance upwhirled —
Thy Spirit's loosening — away
Fliest thou victor through a world
Abruptly vanquished in thy sway:
That infinite and fearful sea
Of substance for the Spirit's need
Is bound in thine uncertainty —
Fly forth — what clouds thy wings impede?

To every wind of Earth a wing
Is feathered, and for every sea
A flight is measured; wilt thou fling
Abroad on that Eternity
Pinions to bear thee, and abide
Where custom perisheth, and be
All that thou hast been, and beside
Spirit released exultingly?

O turn — turn to the inward sea,
Pass to th' embosomed hills that glow
Glorious in thy mortality —
But not where human foot-falls go:
Thine is the vision — fearful gaze —
Can stretch, and conquer, and enclose
The land outspread in sweet displays —
But not in earth thy roadway goes.

VI.

UNLOOSED from the silence of Earth, and anear
To the wonderful home of the Spirit, in sight
Of its exquisite safety, its peace, and the clear
Astonishing day of its life and its light,
The doubt and the darkness descend and decline,
And the lips of the Spirit are opened, and flow
Out into a transport, rising upward the fine
Exultations of happiness mingle and go.

In an ecstatic bravery the passionate eyes
Of the Soul extend far from foundations of Time
Into eternal sources, where upgather and rise
The outlines that angelic habitants climb;
And the beautiful visions portrayed overpour
All the obstinate silence of Earth, and declare
The ancient outbursts of the Spirit, but more
Shines the wonderful light that the Spirit shall
wear.

And the Soul, with its eyes forever steadfast
To the radiant changes that constantly come,
Passes with its new feet on the Earth, till at last,
In all the outgoings, one highway alone
Is stretched out in its passage, where there hinder
the way
No barriers, all the gateways have faded and grown
Into transparent beacons glowing out in array —
And the flash of their ending is the light of their own.

And the lips of the Spirits that traverse with flight
Of their hastening feet on this highway, and go
Fixed with their bright eyes on the increasing light
Of their guiding, what speech hath the Earth to
bestow

To their using — O what is the passion of song
Themselves to deliver? What fearful display
Can they grasp from the glorious sights that belong
To the Soul — and into humanity say?

O the speech of the Spirit is ever anew
In its choosing, and ever and ever the same
Is the Spirit, in sound it is hidden, but through,
Forever, all speech shines its terrible flame:
Forever the light, in its tempest upspringing,
Burns the darkness that buries the terrible years,
Incessantly waken the sounds of its singing,
Await for the echo in hearkening ears.

VII.

I INTO another world I saw
And this fell from me, for I rose
Embodied, not the less that law
Of ancientness was past and closed:
The sanctioned uses, breath and blood,
The form, the visage, and the mood
Attainable to touch, that could
Be verified, and bear expense
Of naming, these were passed, and thence
Upstarting in an altered air
I lived, though these were never there.

In memory deep, dare I betray
The settled secrets of my stay?
Dare I, a solitary tongue,
Stand out the cadences among
And claim:— There is a symphony
Thou hast not sung, that anciently
Arose and fell, and undisturbed
Lies whispering still, one deathless word —
Dare I proclaim the sound I heard?

My Soul is listening and it says:—
 Speak out, the world is vacant, soon
The tempests of its tortured ways
 Shall lift a long uncovered boon
And bear it far and far; around
 Swiftly its circuit, till arise
New speech and knowledge for the sound
 That is unnamed in all her cries.

And I — I falter: but my Soul
 Bursts thitherward again, and I
Grow courage as the glories roll
 In actual, happy panoply:
And I descend, and ask in fear
 My Spirit how the visions came,
And it responds:— Didst thou not hear
 Within thyself one common name?

Go call that name; but not as those
 Have known it hitherward, but say:—
Of all the melancholy woes
 Are suffered, none but this sound may
Dissever, if thou gird'st it fast
 Thy Spirit, and thy Spirit goes
Parcelled, apportioned, reckoned, cast
 Out where the farthest current flows.

So I — I am my Spirit's hest;
I draw the veil hung in my heart,
And thou — thou witnesseth impressed
The sight of which this sound is part:
Thou seest, closeted within,
A substance of appearance high
And singular, which is the kin
To me, as only kin this cry
Is unto that sweet, soundless name
First lightened in obedient eyes,
When what were words were simply flame,
Which flew as silent brightness flies.

Sad, undiscovered, sits a thing,
Endlessly patient in the heart,
A nameless, constant, chaste being,
Thyself — but more than still thou art;

For it has wastage, and the pain
Of wanting, and thy heavy Soul
Speaks of its griefs in wild refrain —
But thou deem'st otherwise the dole.

For surely other than to thee
Is wanting, wastage and dismay;
By night thou goest, and daily
Discoverest not this sad decay;
O fevered, dying, desolate,
Decrepidly it sits, and wears
Th' immortal anguish of its fate,
And sees run out th' immortal tears.

If thou could'st know, could'st only guess
Th' unknown prisoner in thyself,

Thy Soul and thou, despatched, would bless
Its fearful penury with wealth;
For 'tis not yet thy Soul, nor thee,
Sits so unknown — so long — so long —
Thou hast the rhyme, the words, the key,
But O, thou hast not yet the Song!

Into the land of Spirit I
Looked as a guest swiftly sent by;
There, radiantly pure, and clad
So beautifully nothing had
Much more of shining vesture—so
Unveiled and tearless, bright, aglow
With happiness and long content,
I saw this Being, who had spent
Ages and ages burdened — bent.

But as I looked I could not tell
Which creature fashionèd the spell —
The heart of Man — or Woman's heart —
Or Spirit — healed with perfect art;
I knew, and only knew, arise
This Being, and my daring eyes
Looked swiftly on the thing within
Myself — and saw this Being's kin.
Which was the vision, and the name
Soundless so long, so long in shame
Sunken beneath its altar-flame.

VIII.

IN unexpected mysteries
A Spirit's shape engendered is:
Impalpable and active—real,
Powerful, keen, wearing the seal
And fashion of a subtle thing,
Fearless, ennobled, excelling.

As one uncomprehended, known
But hastily, as something grown
Amiss unto the eyes of men,
It shows its visage shortly, then
Turns from the staring gaze and is
Again with obscure mysteries.

But in that mystery there is light;
Lost unto men upon the sight
Of this, that Spirit, rapidly
Dissolves its own obscurity:
It comes again, and throws afar
Splendor of which its sources are.

Lone, speechless, fearless, undisguised,
It passes many a path despised,
And many a question, many a blame,
Calls out in scorn this Spirit's name:
Thou art not one of us:—so says
The caviller consciously in phrase
Of rectitude—wherefore arise
These beings in their strange disguise,
And singular evidence that we
Are not sufficed in harmony?

But the bright Spirit, passing by,
Leaves light of something splendidly
Settled on surfaces that know
More quickly to catch up the glow
Of beauteousness; but after him,
When what he left is dull and dim,
As vision lasts, accusers stand,
Lifting each long, reviling hand,
Deriding o'er the darkening land.
But they, they cavil and forget:
But he returns: more fearful yet
Out of unspoken sources fly
• The records of his radiancy.

So fearfully increases light
Of him, so terrible the sight
Of one who stands, transparently
And dumb, beside that you may see

The compass of his mysteries,
And, seeing, may partake of these,
That some who cavil, silently,
Little by little, in degree,
Unwrap their garments and enclose
Mystery that from this Spirit goes.

But he is heedless, as one blest
With instinct of a far-off hest;
And, having patiently disposed
His trappings, where there shines enclosed
An increase ever marvelous,
Passes as one who says:—And thus
Shall ye who take persistent give,
Also, the increase ye shall live.

IX.

THERE was something—a substance—an evident
thing—

And it rose and enveloped myself, and it grew
Apparent and passive, but so encircling

Myself it was heedless, and never it knew
Of my presence, but the light of its wonderful grace

Was astir for another than I, and it sent
Exquisite enquiry flashed out of its face—

But tranquility out with the earnestness went.

I stayed, as remaining an onlooker may
Who is silent and stricken, whose eyes are a-fast
Upon things in a distant and uncertain way,
As one in the sight of a vision that passed:
But the thing that I saw seemed nowise to me
Like to unsettled shades, in their terror arrayed,
But the manner of all had most benignantly
Passed into the sense of my Soul as I stayed.

That the quivering cadence of light, as it moved,
Sought out of the subtleness whereof it came—
Down in its excessively, tenderest loved
Recesses—a consciously tremulous flame;
And the glory of Earth, and the tinge of the air,
Partook of an exquisite temper untold
As the outstretching Spirit expanded in rare
Distinctions of beauty, its delight to unfold.

For I saw in the mystical Spirit a thing
Disbelieving; a terrible cry of the earth
Was shrunken, and silent, and disappearing,
Emerging, existed the delicate birth
And the multiplied self of a Spirit, anew
Set trembling in certainty out on the gaze
Of the passionate cycles of horror that grew
Abundantly over its birth in the days.

And I listened: what glories of speech would betray
In an adequate rapture release and express
Most profoundly their knowledge, what a sanctified
way
Was sufficed to the need of their loveliness:
But they tarried; and I saw that they knew and
displayed
Most totally out of their consciousness all

Of their secretest wishes, that stood out undismayed
In a silence that spake with no lips and no call.

And this was their beauty of speaking, and this
Was their mystified manner, and flashes that
were

Unto them an expression, the identical bliss
Of disclosure accomplished; discarding the near
And the nearest design of emotion, to be
Expressive themselves, as expression arose,
And, released from their ardent identity,
Each Spirit of one did the other disclose.

X.

I SAW peculiar excellence
Of sweetness, and a piercing light
Of power, burning with intense
Illumination and delight.

Within the lustre there was hue
Of delicate, almost odorous
Admixture of some colors, through
The glow displaying marvelous.

There was not any other where
Such thing in such exact display,
This flame that lived leaped in an air
Had hither swept some distant way.

It was, indeed, arriving so,
With some peculiar color sent,
Fanned of its individual glow,
And mixed with other airs content.

But there was still shining discourse,
And an unshaken origin
Vividly flying with the force
Of all its substance blended in.

Which curious, because estranged
From much that easily was placed
About, with wonderfully arranged
Circuits, exquisite, happy, chaste.

Perplexing was the permanent
 Remaining and abiding so
Of still and still this wind, that went
 Still something as it used to go.

A Spirit,—for Spirits arise—
 Guardians administering aid,
Intelligence sent from his eyes
 Enlightening, and smiling said:

This deathless, undisturbèd flame,
 This wind that beareth all apart
Itself, this is the throb that came
 Unto the Spirit in the Heart.

XI.

WRAPPED in a veil of darkness, and distressed,
Stands the imprisoned Soul, with anxious eyes
Set to the coming of a long impressed,
Expected breakage in the distant skies.

There is no guidance to the Spirit's feet,
No beacon on the Spirit's eyes ablaze,
That breaks not farther than the farthest fleet,
Illumined wandering of mortal rays.

So is the Soul in silence and oppressed,
 Sadly disclaiming with its tearful eyes
Each avenue of passage, till expressed
 Out on the night th' instinctive glory lies.

Little by little, as the glimmerings go
 Faintly around the far-off horizon,
The sad eyes of the Soul steady, and grow
 Fixed at the light dilating passing on.

Forgetful, with its silent habitude
 Of waiting yet more passionately still,
The figure of the Spirit stands as stood
 The long and gentle patience of its will.

Flashing, reviving, radiant and keen
 Spreads the expanding glow, and separate
Extends a glorious pathway out between
 The watchful Soul and that angelic state.

Immediately, with peaceful passage out,
Glides the illumined traveler, and goes
Pacing past anxious ways that oft about
Its walk of light their avenues disclose.

Wide in that country of celestial light
The Spirit's eyes continue, and acquire
More and more fervently the strong delight
And brilliant conquest of its sacred fire.

Thence to the boundary coming, and entrance
Obtaining where its glorious ways invite,
The Spirit trembles in the sweet advance
And gentlest presence of celestial sight.

Distinct, and differing in tenderness
From every glory and from every shade,
Through all, in a majestic holiness,
He enters, unmistakably arrayed.

Therein the passion of the Spirit sends
Its outcry, and, its heart delivering,
Stands in the sweet discernment that extends
Forever from The Light administering.

PARADISE: PART FIRST.

SHINE out, O struggling Soul, and break
Enlightened in the sounds that clung
To silence; loosen time and take
The burden of thy mystic tongue.

Thine are the eyes uplift and see
The fashion of exquisite grace
That clothed the Earth, and anciently
Settled with peace her sacred place.

Thou seest from a distant height
Of journey, and the fervid rays
Of an unconquerable delight
Deliver up the ancient days.

For these were days of Time, and still
Unseen abide as time descends
Slowly from out the gates that will
Illumine while he re-ascends.

Unseen in time have vacant gone
The beautiful and brilliant hours
That closed in darkness, as in storm
Dismay bewildering falls on flowers.

But every blossom where delight
Had passage dyes the silence still,
The steady Spirit-eyes in sight
Of blessedness with passion fill.

Passion of purity, and see
The fashion of a sight that is
Not other than the Soul shall be
Uplifted in its mysteries.

For beautiful, O beautiful
Abide the answers of desire
That gazes fast and terrible
Into the living, sacred fire.

And beautiful, O beautiful
Fulfil the far anxieties,
So perfect in that mystical
Delight the Spirit knows and sees.

Where rest these pictures in their peace?
Shall they discover in a long
Immensity and flight; are these
Signs that are far, and far belong?

Nay, to the radiant Earth they still
Unfold, and stretch in silence wide
About her aspect, wrapped until
The Soul shall draw their veil aside.

For over them the Soul hath cast
Her sweet, delighted orbs, and stood
With them in kindred, in the Past
That bore her in its plentitude.

The Soul remains, and still abide
These harvests for her faithful eyes,
The breath that calls them to her side
Is the low burden of her sighs.

And she, that sufferer divine,
Reviewing with astonished sight
Her far-off memories that shine
Unquenchably in their delight,—

Attaining, gazing, holding still
The deathless secret of her own,
With seeds of blessedness shall fill
Furrows her frailty hath sown.

O blind, so blind: oblivion fell,
Blotting her beauty and her peace,
She was a child of simple spell,
And saw her simple mystery cease.

She rose and knew but beauty; saw
But sweetness, and the splendid ray
That glides out of the single law
Of loveliness attained alway.

The loveliness remains and goes
Idly and uninhabited,
So close to the sad Soul that knows
So little of the ways it led.

For she, the blighted Spirit, takes
 Slowly possessions in her hands
She newly sees, and vacant makes
 Their number over as she stands.

Touched with another sense and shape
 She hesitates in weakness, knows
The sad, sad secret that could slake
 One sorrow in a thousand woes.

And so she journeyed, sad, disguised,
 Empty of innocence, and fast
Forgetting glory that, despised,
 Disdained, dissembled, faded — past.

For this, her blessed Paradise,
 That filled her Spirit and her scene,
Lay in the light that filled her eyes,
 She saw delight, nothing between.

And she was fashioned in her cell
Of innocence and sanctity,
As one wrapped in a secret spell
Of absolute and sure beauty.

She was the star that sent its ray
Without itself, and blazed abroad,
Lighting with brilliancy always
Whatever passages she trod.

And lost, O lost: she sees and knows
Her sorrowful encasement, where
Feebly her shadowed aspect glows,
And hesitates in darkened air.

And she is prisoner; encased
In the sad confines that arose
Around her eyes; abroad the waste
For passage, and within her woes.

She knew a vision that dispelled
With sorrowful invective all
Her fearlessness, and built and celled
Her dungeon and its massive wall.

Thereby in ages hath she wrought
Distressed, standing betimes to see
On the far outlook something sought
By bitterness but certainty.

Darkened, o'erburdened, blighted, spent,
Lo, inextinguishable alway
The glorious brilliancy that went
Within herself that sombre way.

She kept, sweet Spirit, kept a-stir
Her memory in slumbering,
And lo, in ages back to her
Revives its ancient cherishing.

'Twas long, so long. There stands to touch
Her eyelids with impassioned balm
New Knowledge — strong, bestowing much
Intensest ecstasy and calm.

Outward — onward: She pauses slow
Over the wastage that extends
Out of the secrets she did know
And listens where their echo sends

A tremulous, devoted tone,
And where with bright impatience flies
Radiance, in passages that own
Their freedom to her fervid eyes.

For her unconquerable gaze,
Profoundly darkened in the sight
Of hidden things, reviving plays
Exquisitely with ancient light.

Regaining transport, vivified
Flashes her longing, and her eye
Exulting plays around the wide
Domain of vanished misery.

Released, unbound, the prisoner goes
Appareled with majestic mien
Of one forgetful in her woes,
Impassioned in a glittering scene

That soothes her; penetrating far
In aisles of memory to raise
Reviving ecstasies that were
Companions of her happy ways.

O Spirit, sweet, brilliant, secure,
Regarding with thy clear-eyed glance
Things of the Soul, deathlessly pure
Thou passest in thy high advance:

Whereon thy fearless eyes are set
Hath power to draw thee, and endue
Unconquerably the things that yet
Remain thy glories to pursue.

Endowed, illumined, living, strong,
Unswervingly the Spirit makes
Its passage, gathering what belong
Of memory and hope, it takes

Into its heart its story old
Of innocence, and sees arise
Again the legend's lettered gold
Outspread upon a new sun-rise.

O beautiful, and widely bright
Spreadeth the glory, with its hue
Enlivened in the straining sight
Of those sad eyes that only knew

A darkness as they longed and gazed,
With passion fearfully intent,
And a wild heart, distressed, amazed,
And agony exhausted, spent.

O Love, thou tenderly restored,
Expanded, beautified, endowed
With powers for thy sweet reward,
And all thy shining Soul allowed:—

O Love exempted, pass and see
Thyself a portion of the sight
Glowing with rapid brilliancy,
And glittering in fond delight.

Thou art, O Heart, with Spirit made
One of the sweet, assembled throng,
And what thou seest, swiftly displayed,
Is but the brightness shall belong

Within thee, for thou art indeed
Mysteriously wrapped in thy Soul
Again, and ever round thee speed
Thy lightning joys, and round thee roll

Great clouds of color and content,
Bearing their mighty wings a-wide,
Ever with newness resplendent,
And ever in fresh glory dyed.

For there embosomed shalt thou see
Deeper and deeper thy delight,
With colors kept a-wait for thee
To penetrate in keener sight:—

And there are incandescent things
Of exquisite, ennobling shade,
And there a wondrous virtue flings
Abroad its powers, richly displayed.

For these lie out again for thee,
Stronger, O Spirit, that thou hast
Re-entered on the heraldry
Of thine ancestral, happy past.

Thy past re-pictured in thy gaze
Burningly set on yonder high
Exulting prospect, that displays
Grandly an ancient panoply.

Thou seest in thine heritage
Of being such intensified
Expanse, and thitherward engage
Thy longings ever magnified —

And endless harmonies of light,
That are devout, serenely pure,
With them, O Spirit, in thy right
Of company thou shalt endure.

Look out, O Spirit, from thy place
Of passage with attentive eyes,
Thou seest thy surprising grace
Of completeness, and canst devise

Abundantly thy beauty spread
With visual perfectness, and fair
Extensive happiness instead
Of all thine old, abundant care.

Within thee blossom and unfold
Thy gorgeous consciousness, and hope
To gather still thy fruits of old,
And see again their richness ope.

O Soul, there fervidly arise
Translations of thy purest sense,
Thousand and thousand brilliancies
Succeed with eagerness intense:—

For they shall be unto thyself
Instinctive, and their majesties,
With all their destiny of wealth,
Adapted to thy sacred eyes.

Thou hast descended, Spirit, far
On downward wings, and didst alight
On a changed Earth, as on a star
Distempered of its happy light:—

But now thou standest to upraise
Thy pinions and float out afar,
Like to a golden cloud that plays
Within itself, and yields a star.

For thou shalt glitter and display
All the unclouded Soul that kept
Its secret undisturbed away
While in the night thy vision slept.

In darkness closeted, O Soul,
 Thou wert a-wonder how, displaced,
Should pass thy heart's imprinted dole,
 And bloom thy loveliness defaced:—

But thou art touched in transport fine
 And blossomest where'er thou art,
Clothed with repeated splendors shine
 Thy Soul and thy terrestrial part.

Thou art so passionately stirred
 Thou standest with thy wavering feet
Upstarting, as of one who heard
 Within thee speech and Spirit meet.

Thou seest as a part, afar,
 Sublimely weak, but still endued
With sweet, perceptive things that are
 Of those that all thyself include.

Because thou hast impassioned wept
Amid thy weakness, and bewailed
All the disordered days that kept
Their closeness in thy path assailed;—

Because the trembling of thy feet
Went wearily, and sorrow hung
So low thy roadway could not meet
Delight, but to the darkness clung;—

Because of this, O Soul a-wide
With virtue, knowledge, and arrayed
In wisdom, thou hast joy denied
So long — and now so long displayed.

Thou hast attained the perfect sight
And searching of thy Spirit eyes,
Thou read'st thy shining laws aright,
And failure from thy vision flies.

For thou art portion, seeing writ
Thyself a letter in the theme,
Await for glory, watching it,
Thou art transfigured in its gleam.

O Paradise! O Love dismayed !
Return, thou Wanderer divine,
No more thy gentle orbs afraid
Of tears are full, but brightly shine.

Thy long, unconquerable spell,
In sorrow and to grief assigned,
Is gone, thy Soul goes out the well
Besought deliverance, consigned

Unto the beauty of its own
Expanding, and thy yielding heart,
O Love, with all its treasures known
Follows but only what thou art.

Descending is a Spirit come
Touching thy consciousness anew;
This Holy Traveler from the dome
Of Heaven administering flew:—

He telleth of a new increase
Grown for thy vision, and displayed
O'er thy horizon, and release
Of longing for thy succor made.

Thou art not prisoner, detained
In terrible distress of speech,
Already freedom's wings have gained
For thee their swift, encircling reach.

Already what thou hast not been,
With all thy wings unconscious furled,
The sweet eyes of thy Soul have seen
Ascending o'er her darkened world.

Thou hast walked separate, alone,
 Impossibly beseeching rest,
But now thy tender heart hath gone
 But as an imaging impressed

On what she seeketh, and in air
 Sublimely tempered for thy ways,
Already now, O creature fair,
 Is Joy delivered of thy days.

In tears, unhidden tears, delayed,
 Thine only and unmeasured end
Rested within a Voice that said
 Its messages a-flight to send

Their radiating knowledge far;
 Within the message art thou found,
O Love, a listener on the star
 Of Earth, and in the mighty round

Of worlds aside art furnishèd
With being for thy sweet increase,
Because thou art absolved, instead
Of wanting thou abid'st in peace.

O Spirit, breaking Time and Place,
What is the passage unto thee?
Thou fliest through intensest Space,
And penetrating rhapsody

Of an hereafter breaks aglow
In thine admission on the star
Whose longings infinitely go
Beyond the boundaries where they are.

Spirit in Spirit shall abide:
Earth floats in her ancestral sea
Of Spirit, and that viewless tide
Bears on her courses hastily.

Fly out, O Love, and stretch thy wing
Earliest above th' imprinted wave,
Where hues of Heaven descend and cling
On Earth, entrancing what she gave.

There, living on that vivid sea,
Love, like an Angel, fans the air
With pinions that have swept the free
Regions remote from her despair.

She is a-new — doubly upborne,
Thou hast not seen her in the days
Of desperate Earth, no face hath worn
Her look where visage doubly plays.

Go down, go down unto the shore,
Look out upon the lightening sea,
Its placid offering before
Hath spread those treasures silently.

Long, long ago, thyself hath stood
Idly debating on the shore,
What shadow now shall e'er intrude
On light those ancient waves restore?

Thine is the sea, the waves belong
To the full Earth, and unto thee
Its breast is open; press the strong
Throb of its bosom willingly.

Held to its heaving heart the Soul
Draws nurture; see! divinely free
Over that endless aspect roll
Magnificence — Eternity.

PARADISE: PART SECOND.

TO be a part of Beauty, and sustained
Within its halo, and to recognize
Divinely all its glory as regained
In the quick vision of uncovered eyes:—

To know the sunken and disastrous, slow
Beclouded burden of my perilous way
Drew wide its darkness, and its overflow,
Because that sightless orbs would still betray:—

To pierce with passionate ardor, and design
Of seizing, all the heavy shade that lies
Enveloping, and with the sight combine
That ever hither comes, is Paradise.

Out of The Spirit that portrays shall grow
Unanswerably its fashion on the eyes
Of gazing men — shaping their glances, show
Its glimpses, and thy gleams, O Paradise.

Not in forgotten outlook, with unknown
Beatitude designed in formless grace,
O Paradise, thy glories are our own
With all their knowledge breathing on thy face!

Thy countenance with wisdom, and divine
Adoption of thy secret purpose, is
Displayed unhidden as thy movements shine
Perfect in consciousness — perfect in bliss.

Thine is the wide, mysterious power that drives
Darkness to nothingness, and distance lies
Bound up with insight in the light that lives
Forever where the Soul accepted flies.

O Paradise, thy breathing stirs the air
Floating with golden clouds of Earth on high
Entablatures of glory, and their fair
Exquisiteness is in thy masonry.

Thine are the crimsoned harbingers that burst
From out their secret sources to proclaim
Nativity of beauty, and dispersed
Round their horizons wide assert thy name.

Thy passionate appearance of delight
Abides in waiting, till the eyes shall glow
In answering earnestness, until the light
Of Spirits pierce their prisons' overthrow.

Thou stretchest in thy country's bounds apace
Over the shores of Earth, and sinking seas
Of many a desolately tortured place
Gleam in the glory of thy soft increase.

Thou waitest with thy splendid fringes cast
In finest radiance o'er the wind and cloud,
And O, with what intensest brilliance last
The visions where thy glittering flashes crowd.

Thou art not, Paradise, removed and far,
Remotely distant from our anguished eyes,
See there, O Spirit, these expressions are
Drawn from her heavenly and fair supplies.

There is her beauty, and her tender sense
Of lovingness, and her still hands arrayed
In succor linger, longing to dispense
Over the Soul her comforts there delayed.

Thou art, O Paradise, a Radiance sent,
Divinely purposed and divinely clad,
On thine attirement hath The Spirit spent
Its making, and perfection makes thee glad.

Sent from the judgment of The Spirit's sense
Thou walkest, and thy gentle, patient face,
With all its beauty, hath that impress whence
The Spirit looketh from its secret place.

Thou art defended, for thou wearest guise
Of Immortality, and hath bestowed
All the impregnable unknown that lies
In Spirit whence thy sacred being flowed.

But thou, so beautiful, aside, unknown,
Unto the thousand, thousand eyes afar,
Dwelt in thy mystery; thine aspect shone
On Earth but beauty on a whirling star.

Thy Spirit, and thy panoply displayed,
Hung but as curtains on a moving air,
Lost palpitations of thy being made
No movement in the veins of grief and care.

Thou wert a-weary, anxious and oppressed,
In all thy nearness and in all thy grace,
Lo, to the lifting of thine hands distressed
Cometh the speech of His exquisite Face.

Quick, wonderful, thy bursting joy divine,
The fleetness of thy footsteps, and the sight
Of thine uncovered mysteries, that shine
Outstarting in their glorifying flight.

In those unceasing steps sustained and led,
Walking appareled of thy fair array,
Lo, in all darkness still thy name is said,
And thou, thou standest still in every way!

Thou art, O Paradise, set in the ways
Of listening Earth, and ever in her eyes
Thy face with its angelic ardor plays,
And fast before thy beauty doubting flies.

Thou shalt thine own upgathering bestow,
And go and leave thy precious gifts outcast;
The rapid splendors of thy garments glow
On every outlook where thy feet have passed.

And so forever, with increasing shade
Of vivifying certainty, and gleam
Of thy supplanting glory, intermade
In every outburst of thy changeless theme.

Beauty and purity, and long, profound,
All passionate adornment of the Soul
In each exquisite symbol, an the sound
Of the long anthems that within thee roll

With silent music upon silent ears,
And, more than any, the great joy that takes
The ancient founts of all unfinished tears
And of their waters crystal grandeur makes.

Descend, descend, O walk in changeless Day!
My Paradise thou art a child of Light!
I hide me in thy visions, and alway
Watch out within their fairness time and night.

There is no dark shall dim thee, and no toil
Found in an Earth of furrows, and no care
From any cloud descending taught to soil
The virtue of thine ever-living air.

Within thy joys I see, and feel the eyes
Sink to a source of beauty, and distil
Themselves within a sweetness, and arise
Part of thy purpose and thy gentle will.

Part of thy undulations and unknown
Expressions yielding up their endless rest,
Part of an equal, fervent Life, that sown
With answer sows thee equal in the quest.

I can not compass and arrange thy way,
I go a-journeying, bidden into thee,
I step upon thy roads, whose gates betray
But glimpses of magnificent entry.

Can I, exclaiming in a wondering phrase
Of jubilation at thy earliest sight,
Can I surround thy glory, and appraise
Thine outposts glittering in extended light?

O Paradise, I know not whither go
Thy messengers of glory, and no more
What paths outflying shall my Spirit flow
On clouds of thine, that rest by mortal shore.

Receive me, with my outstretched wings I fly
Gently, O gently into thy domain,
Bear up, O bear my wavering pinions, I
Trust all my being to thy sheltering name.

I go unto thy country and thy Lord,
None knowing but the Sentinel who stands
At the receiving Gate, can I afford
To claim the compass of thy blessèd lands?

Lo, in the circuit of those distant wings
I fly where thou shalt bear me, and divine
Whate'er thou tellest, and my passion sings
What words are spoken in thyself to mine.

Thou and thy Lord, and I inhabitant,
O Paradise, I know enough to be
Smitten to heart with one exulting want,
Blazing within my Spirit's alchemy.

The want, the need, the passionate desire,
The yearning, bursting pain of heart and Soul,
In thy pellucid atmosphere, and higher,
Beyond thee, where thy wishes gently roll,

To be a Vision of ascending things,
And, them receiving, gaze until my eyes
Draw my Soul onward, and my Spirit flings
Itself where thou wast nurtured, Paradise.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT.

I AM a Spirit, floating on,
My danger and my darkness done:
Into an open Sea I glide,
Within the cloud, within its tide:
Round the Sea's rim light clouds hang low,
And round its circuit drifting go.
I can not stand upon the shore
To traverse that wide water o'er:
However desperately my eyes

Are anxious of the light that lies
Unbosomed on the earnest deep,
I can not have it while I keep
My passion pacing out the land,
And so I leave thee, helpless strand.
I glide and glide: O the sweet view
Of all I knew not and I knew:
No more with slow, untempered wings
My Spirit lingers, but it flings
Itself where music waiting sings.
Ring out, O Voices compassed well,
Ring out thy conquering tones and tell
My Spirit in thy Spirits' tongue
What joys I see and thou hast sung.
To see! to see! who would not wait
Leagues of a long-drawn sun, and late
By every morn and every shore
To see at last, and wait no more!

My Soul, with thine imploring eyes
Made in the need of Paradise,
Delay, and gathering hold the rays
Burnishing every prospect's ways,
Slowly within thy fluttering breast,
O longing heart look out and rest!
There is no need that thou shouldst fly
In eager, wild rapidity;
There is no need that thou shouldst keep
Watch stealthily as sorrows creep,
Without a change and without haste,
Out of their caverns and their waste
And stop where thou art helpless placed.
Sorrow is heavy, and must roll
Below thy footsteps, O my Soul:
At last thou art, thou radiant thing,
End of thy passion's desiring,
Delivered like a wild being,

Rapidly whirling and circling,
Breaks from the angered cords and fast
Darts out its tether and its past
Far out, far out, beating to free
Thy flight, thou struggled desperately:
Swiftly the rushing of thy wings
Sprang outward, and thy freedom clings,
Ever rejoicing, sailing through
The splendid world it struggled to.
Sorrow was in thy Soul that hung
Compelled on the dark Orb that clung
Mysteriously upon its road
Of bondage, with mysterious load.
Into the World's sad days of shade
Thy passionate appealing made
Its glimmer, and, unstartled, flew
On rapid wing thy Spirit through.
Stand still: let the slow mists arise

Of sweetness in entroubled eyes —
This is the sun of Paradise.
There is not one, a cloud of care
Hung in the heavens anywhere:
There is not one, no loveliness
That thou hast longed for in distress,
Not clinging, with its light caress,
O'er anything it would impress.
Many the cold, unbelieving eye
Crossed in its storm-cloud on thy sky;
Many the low and wintry word
Muffled thy human heart that heard;
Many, O Soul, stood changeless by
Thine issuing: when thou shouldst die
Innumerable stretch out to close
Thy vision in its dark repose.
O Spirit, thou hast fled a-blaze
Far from the lands their darkness stays:

Thou wert indeed of Time, but why
Should Time condemn thee vacantly?
Into its sun of circling days
Thou waked and slept: alternate rays
Flashed on thy Soul as lightning plays,
And darkness robs the quivering gaze.
But now thou art disrobed of night
And standest flashing in the light:
No more the heavy circle clings,
Of vesture, on thy Soul that flings
Her desperate beams, anxiously wild
To burst or blind her guards beguiled.
At last! O Spirit what a wing
Sails outward as thy circles swing
Their heavenly courses, and alight
On stops of glittering, sacred sight!
Thou couldst not gather, couldst not sing
This passion of thy surrounding;

Thou couldst not loosen in the world
These instant wings, wafting unfurled;
How couldst thou speak sufficiently?
O this the being, being free —
Released from hope in radiancy!
Sail on: there is no sea of storm,
No tempest rock, to strike thy form:
Long in its casemate burned aglow
Thy Spirit, but its vanished flow
Shines out on that tremendous sea
That rolls in light continually.
Thou art not one of those who stand
Spectred and faintly on the strand:
On its wild edge of long distress
Their shades diminish and grow less,
And fail and sink to nothingness.
Their gleams burn faintly as the years
Of cold delay, and doubt, and tears

Pass by them, heaping up the brine
Of all their wretchedness and thine.
My Spirit, when that burning Sea
Broke on thyself mysteriously,
Mysteriously beyond the gloom
Of Earth a-chill within her tomb,
Deep with thy feet into the flow
Of its long currents didst thou go,
Standing and wavering, waiting there
Till they should rise, and outward bear
Thy Spirit, and thy Spirit's eyes
Gleamed as the mighty breakers rise.
Swept outward, with the winds upraised
Thou art borne onward, pleased, amazed:
Tell me, my Spirit, why, O why
Can such as thou strangely deny
The long and luminous things that lie
Stretched out to their obscurity?

Wert thou of different life from these,
How came thy wonderful increase?
Why have they pain and thou hast peace?
There is not one in all the shore,
Wrapped in the waves' incessant roar,
Who hath not in his bitter eyes,
Pain, and her silent, stifled cries.
And yet, O Soul, if they should glide
An instant on this brilliant tide,
Be lifted, with its winds supplied,
And see one vision of its wide
Revolving glow and gorgeousness,
There is not one could know distress.
It is impossible to be
Freighted with pain upon this Sea:
Some things belong to some, and there
Are things not nurtured everywhere —
Have suns a night to dream despair?

So, whoso peopleth this Sea
Is perfectly and placidly
Fixed into Joy's identity.
Should the dark Spirit stand to care
In questioning, to be aware
There is not pain nor sorrow there?
Have pain and shadow grown so dear
The Soul should separate not for fear,
Out of what losing? Or abide
With them? Poor Spirits — chained, belied.
And yet they stand: they can not see
The cloudless air, they will not be
Drawn from the shores of misery.
Dash on, eternal, dreadful Sea,
Break on thy bounds unceasingly:
There is upon thy changeless roar
An endless strain; increasing pour
Thy billows on the sinking shore.

Thou art the Monarch, and shalt ride
Deep with the Earth within thy tide:
O how thy mighty waves shall strain
The banks of Time, and grain by grain
Draw what thou keepest for thy gain.
Where are thy depths? O Sea, below
Thy bosom is a fearful flow,
And dreadfully thy soundings go.
I am a Spirit, floating on,
My danger and my darkness done:
Into an open Sea I glide,
Within its cloud, within its tide:
O yielding Sea, O air of balm,
Intensest peace, impassioned calm,
How can my Spirit quivering be
Replete with all thine ecstasy?
Long, long ago I yearned to be
Out — sailing somewhere on this Sea:

I yearned, and dreamed, and felt arise
A new desire, a swift surmise,
As one in many mysteries:
I dreamed, and saw, and moved upon
Thy bosom, not myself alone.
Lo, in the circuit of this Sea
I am the thing dreamed anciently:
Whatever else sails in the sun,
Mysteriously, of this kingdom,
I am the being my Soul said
Could be, I am this being made.
Who standeth sinking in the shore
Of a dead Earth, and cries, "No more,
No Soul can rise, no being be
Not known of us, we can not see!"
Say on, say on: while I fulfil
My heart, my purpose, and my will,
Thy work is doubt, and doubting still.

Another speech, another tongue
Flames in my Soul; whate'er I sung
Of its vibrations all was rung.
It is not possible to stay
This flaming speech, that far away
Hears loud what it can faintly say.
Out of the sounding echo goes
This leaping flame, who can oppose
Its passage, who its virtue knows?
O happy feet that fled the shore,
The land is dim, if the waves pour
Their wrath, and all their steady roar,
I can not hear nor see them more.

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